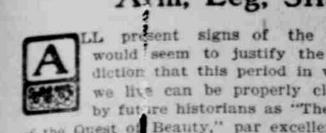
Science of Woman's Beauty as Viewed By Leading Savants of the World

New Researches by a Distinguished Anthropologist and Photographs Collected from Everywhere... The Ideal Mouth, Eyes, Mold of Head, Arm, Leg, Shoulders, Back and General Figure Discovered



tine investigation of the whys and Stratz has late'y collected photographs of four "faces," and so on. dian figure. But what interests | I was recently discussing these problems

This is not a tracing of that ser-

dby a deeply chiseled depres- is her first diagnosis. sion extending to the nose and a beauti- Next, let her compare her proportions

tween the checks and deep-set ears. PERFECT FIGURE DISCOVERED.

duces that setpentine, fire-flame "curve of | are too large.

been combined with the eye of the artist istics of various individuals."

this period in which why it is pleasing to the eye and how it compares with the canons and ideals of with a properly proportioned waist, just as an be properly classed the masters of ancient and mediaeval for centuries each healthy Chinese girl historians as "The Age times. He withholds nothing from his baby has continued to come into the world pupils and shows, photographically, the with prettily shaped feet. human form just as molded by nature and That the petite and blonde types of wom-

HOW TO GAUGE YOUR FIGURE. Probably not one in a million of our sisters so zealously striving for beauty of figure has any notion as to whether she is being made by Dr. C. H. approaching the canons, or ideal standards an anthropologist and em- of proportion laid down by artists and women of all lands and from the chin to the roots of the hair was to whiten the skin, and the pigmentation the canons established by eminent human figure should be from nine to ten anthropometric specialists, "faces," the length of the arm from the Smithsonian Institution Dr. shoulder to the point of the middle finger

especially are those depicting the beau- with Dr. Robert Fletcher, the well-known of our own race, especially anthropologist. He called attention to the perfect human form, followed the rule that interest our fair eighth of the entire stature,

curve which masters have laid formed human being should measure seven "the line of beauty," but is a and one-half heads to the entire stature, diagram showing the stages of woman's The Greek sculptor, therefore, was either comeliness as related to her age. According in error or modern civilization has deto this the average woman attains the veloped the head at the expense of the height of beau y between her twenty-fifth trunk and limbs."

For greatests beauty of the mouth Dr. our fair sister must then divide the num-Stratz selects the portrait of a young Pa- ber of inches in her entire stature by those The lips are full, but not sen- in the height of her head. If the quotient suous. The upper lip is deep. The out-lines of the rescent are pronounced in this ravishing; mouth. It neither droops be "7½," that she is consistent with the nor tends upword at the corners. Its beau- modern average or perfect proportion. This admixture of blood.

with those of the Venus de Medici, con-

Greatest becuty in the modeling of the | Hampshire and Kentucky were conspicub life. It is characterized by lare underlying deposits of lime. Moral: apering from the shoulder to Rear your daughters where they may

in the shoulder blades, a retrocession of standard of ancient beauty, but the annd a heaviness below the cients probably did not judge beauty from that the autumn is coming on." | was most probably complex, embodying | The brain of the profound savant has the most beautiful features or characterin these re-earches. He not only per- | Tight-lacing, in Dr. Gill's opinion, cannot

sent signs of the times ceives all that is beautiful and aesthetical produce in the form of woman a change seem to justify the pre- in the "human form divine," but he knows that can be inherited. Each healthy girl

ulture specialists and art- without vestment. He can publish his en are becoming less plentiful as the years of the all-absorbing probity than in our country of their falling into
the hands of the unsophisticated, but our
The armor of the ancients is too small for "god-like human form." They traditions limit the variety of these pic- our men of to-day. Immigration is bringfor a moment, to the an- tures which may be reproduced in the pub- ing in more and more of the brunette races preponderance over the blonde peoples, are blending with our blood and reducing the numbers of the fair-haired and blue-eyed

> Prof. W. J. McGee, director of anthropology for the St Louis exposition, is in oubt about our becoming a brunette race. relate. Culture would, therefore, tend to other hand, would help to establish a brunette race. Increased vigor seems to cause increased pigmentation, and we are the see, there are two forces at work. "American women are more beautiful than those of ancient Greece or Rome. Our growing standard of beauty appeals just as much to cultured foreigners as it does to Americans themselves. The American girl is envied by her European sisters because while abroad she attracts Euro-

CALIFORNIA GIRLS MOST BEAU-

girl as representing the highest type of is a beautiful thing, but that it is frequentbeauty to be found in the world. In that I by unappreciated. State have been most concentrated and intensified all the forces at work to improve our race-especially pioneer influence and Mother and Daughter Number One dressed

United States National Museum, believes | ever gone calling knows that one thing For ideal proportions of the head and sidered by most sculptors to be the most that the blonde girl is decreasing among that the caller most ardently desires is The old lady kept her eyes

to their fish diet.' Dr. R. W. Schufeldt, the biologist, dis cussed the question as to what attributes

rosy color like that of potato flowers." Thus it would seem that beauty is not only skin deep, but that it is without honor save among its own race.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.

A Study of Daughters and Wives

By ADELINE SERGEANT

SHOULD WE'BE PUT UPON?

and drive and swim; she can walk ten | their duty to themselves when they are Very often she is accomplished in some particular line; she has a taste for carving or music, or for managing girls' clubs; and she throws herself into a pursuit of this kind as whole-heartedly as a nusements. If she is of the wage-earning or salaried class, she does her work in business-like fashion and makes hergelf valuable to her employers. She is good humored, bouyant, generally ever with good spirits, a capital comrade, a trusty friend. But she is

those who are sick or sorry pass her by. THE OLD-STYLE GIRL. Still, she is a more complete human being, in many respects, than her predecessor of the seventies, who suffered only too often from insufficient exercise and misdirected energies. Public examinations and crowded high schools were in their infancy, and the education of girls was almost entirely in the hands of private teachers, schoolmisaggerated conscientiousness about small duties, proceeding from the efforts of teachcellent idea if well carried out, but apt to produce a morbid scrupulosity and (in some cases that I myself remember) a postitive fear of any sort of enjoyment. "It adore her mother; when she believed it to can't be right, because I like it so much,"

not sympathetic. People do not feel in-

clined to confide their affairs to her; and

was a sentence uttered by a girl of my ac-There was also a good deal of religious and philanthropic activity among the girls of that time in the way of Sunday school teaching, tract distribution, and the carrying of soup and puddings to the poor. Political economy did not, in those days, affect us. We believed that we were doing a great deal of good to others when, as a matter of fact, we ourselves profited more by our exertions than the recipients of our gifts. Miss Charlotte Yonge has some very well-drawn specimens of girls of this sort in her books. Take, for instance, Ethel troubled to inquire? May or Amy Morville. In our day Ethel's classical attainments would be the chief factor of her life; she would have had a coach and gone to Girton, instead of setthing down to keep her father's home and | hardly relieves a daughter from the duty build a church at Cocksmoor. Amy, widwidow's cap (at seventeen) and "living for" her child. The girls of the present day are not likely to suffer by the sacrifice of their intellectual gifts or the renunciation of all found herself in company with some young worldly enjoyment at the age of seventeen. They would laugh the idea to scorn.

Ethel May's self-suppression, Amy Morville's abnegation-had they not their origin in some real conception of the divine? These girls had ideals, and did their best, | not live long!" My friend was a successful in what we may perhaps think mistaken fashlons, to live up to them. I am very much afraid that a large proportion of much afraid that a large proportion of modern girls have left "the ideal" out of their consideration. They have plenty of ambition; they want to get on in the world; and most of all they want enjoyment—

acquaintances; and considering all the irons she had in the fire just then she could not she had in the fire just then she could not help a burst of laughter as she replied; but she says it was a revelation to her of the immense want of imagination which the immense want of imagination which exists among young people. It might be as (Copyright, 1904.)

the line the conductor rang the bell and the will fill her proper place in the world and safer she has been a good daughter become—if fate permit—a perfect wife!

The old man half rose, but the old lady clutched his arm and dragged him down.

who has left | pleasure-excitement; anything to give | well for girls to remember that all intergirthood a long way behind, and them a constant change of sensation, and est does not die out of life at the age of to disguise from themselves the monotony | twenty-five

> theory they are often very right; in practice only too often extremely selfish. After all, as I once heard a wise man say, "true Christianity chiefly consists in letting yourself be put upon." Or, as Frederick Robertson said, "Do not talk about your rights; think of your duties." And the modern girl is a trifle too much inclined to fight for her rights, and to neglect some of the most obvious duties of a For this brilliant young creature who

plays hockey and the violin, or reads Greek a girl, and then ask yourself how she could and cultivates her intellect, or seeks out and pursues every form of amusement that have preserved her happiness. What has old torn shirtwaist and this sloppy skirtshe can devise, is generally the cherished | she learned? daughter of two middle-aged people who have spent a good part of their lives working for her, in thinking about her and planbusy man with whom she has little intercourse; but she can at least meet him with affection, and play a dull game at back- vidual opinion. She has always understood mother-not clever, perhaps, not intelto her? Is it not too true that the daughhousehold, rules her elders, sets aside their try to exert a little authority? These "rebe really her duty to honor her parents and has flown out of the window; and whose to treat them with the most delicate re-

spect, the most untiring devotion. SELFISHNESS OF MODERN GIRL But daughters now-a-days are for the party or a dance. "Mother likes to look If a girl reverence her parents, she wil on." But does she? And have you ever "Of course, mother's heart and life are bound up in us; she says she lives her own ! selves." That may be quite true, but it consideration. As I said before, the modern girl has not much sympathy; but she might at least cultivate a little imagination. | to the aged, and the aged should show A friend of mine tells me that when she l was not much over forty (and she was remarkably young and fresh looking), she And yet-is there not something amiss? following remark: "How strange it must be to feel that life is over, for you, and to resemble those great and wise and that you have really nothing more to ex- lovable women who have swayed the men pect! It must be very dreary. I hope I shall who rule the world. And quite half of not live long!" My friend was a successful sympathy consists in imagination—in beacquaintances; and considering all the irons | It is only where a girl can do this that she

HER MERCENARY SPIRIT. Looking at these girls of the day, one ern girl is far more worldly than her twenty years a great change of the present day should carry their law- above all, plenty of amusement. It is the about. The typical girl of the ful desire to be well, to be happy, to be love of luxury and amusement that seems comfortable, to too great an extreme. They to be gaining ground among us, and it is talk of "self-development" instead of self- not a development which promises well for husband as a mere provider of clothes and meals is not likely to prove a helpmeet in crease of cases in which husband and wife separate from each other we wonder whether that terrible "incompatibility" of temper had possessed the characteristics of an earlier time. Had she shown herself unselfish, tolerant, patient with his faults, capable of "putting up" with small vexations, perhaps the quarrels would never have been begun, and the rift would not have widened to the destruction of a home. But think of the young wife's training as have attained the qualities which would

Well, first of all, she has learned that her own advancement is the chief thing that she must strike for; that her tastes and capacities must, of all things, never go to have to come." the wall; that it is her duty not to yield a ! hair's breadth when it is a matter of indipects her husband to sacrifice his inclinations and ideas to hers. She wants him to her to the end of time, and she cannot in the give all his thought and attention to her as vanity is offended, and she begins to fret and sulk. The husband is impatient with a wife who cries and grumbles when he comes home at night; and therefore his temper | in the observance. soon matches her own, and domestic strife becomes the order of the day. Happiness

If the wife is also a mother, matters are worse. The children learn only too early what discord and dissension mean; and the years of their childhood, which ought to be so beautiful, are filled with memories of dis-

of sages, that he should bear the yoke in Well for a woman, also. Not a yoke of tyranny or enforced servitude. but the yoke of obedience, humility, faith, respect her husband and train up her chiliren to the same law of subordination. For we cannot all be equals; we must be subordinate one to another, and there is nothing humiliating to a properly trained mind to feel that we are filling our proper space, most likely, neither too low nor too After all, the old lessons are the best. The young should give all deference consideration for the aggressiveness and "cocksureness" of the young. These be trite sayings; but there is good reason in

And so I come back to my earlier contention-that the modern girl should cultivate the power of sympathy if she wishes ing able to put oneself into another's place.



The Ideal Mouth as Pictured by an Authority



the Picture



Lines of Figure Spoiled by Lacing



Perfect Mold of Head and Setting

Two Northside Young Women Say Hospitality Can be Overdone

The Mothers of the Girls Also Hold Opinions on the Subject ... An Job Had His Troubles, but Was Spared One That Haunts the Old Lady on a Street Car ... Social and Business Relations Considered...Other Stories

OSPITALITY is a beautiful thing | "I don't believe that you know your busi-Professor McGee regards the California | the girls; the other thinks that hospitality

Prof. Otis Mason, curator of etymology, and went calling. Now everybody who has this. No, sir." The conductor rang his bell

"Oh, mother; you know how hard it is for

ter agreed and rustled along the walk and

"Why, I'm just as sorry as I can be to think Martha isn't at home," said Mother

voutly, "Well, thank goodness!"

"Oh, no; I couldn't bother you," protested

"Engagement. Why, she's only gone up to her sister Jane's, that's all. Why, she'd never forgive me if I let you go away with

So Eleanor rustled in and sank down in a corner of the parlor and waited while Mother Number Two rang up Jane and in-Martha, a good six squares away from

Eleanor, waiting in her purple and fine hat in the parlor, expressed her opinion vigorously. "What on earth did you ask her to stay for?" she wailed. "Here I am with this I just threw on my long coat to come here. don't want to see her anyway-I hate formal calls. And she's just as mad as I am, too, I know. Oh, well, I suppose I'll

"I couldn't tell her you were out here waiting, could I? And she just made me come in and stay till Martha came home,' explained Daughter Number One, tearfully, three-quarters of an hour later, to a white, wrathful mother who was very tired of sitting back in the carriage so as to render explained to an almost equally wrathful daughter that Eleanor was so disappointed he did in the days of their engagement. Her that she simply couldn't let her go away without seeing her. Consequently, for that quartet, hospitality is, for the present, more to be commended in the breach than

> The old lady in the corner of the street the other passengers because of her total disregard of them. Her eyes were as bright as those of youth and they gleamed beneath the rusty straw bonnet with its scanty trimmings, as she turned her head eagerly from right to left.

> "Now, you'd never a-thought this aveynoo would a-growed up like this now, would you, John?" She nudged the old man who sat beside her, his chin resting on his two hands crossed on his stick. "Why, it's gettin' reel grand, I declare. Don't you remember this was just where Charley had his little store. It's changed a good deal, but still it looks kind o' natural. The squares flew by and the old lady be-gan to look a little dubious. "I declare now,

wouldn't it be awful if we had took the wrong car. John," she said. "I'm gettin' reel anxious, I must say. Young man," she beckoned to the conductor with a gnarled but imperious forefinger. "Young man, are you sure that this here car will take us to There's always love that's caring "Just as near as you can get there on

lady, where to get off. We ain't near there uprightness as she sat on the edge of the seat, and her anxious glances betrayed that she had not yielded her doubt. Far down the line the conductor rang the bell and the

car," returned the conductor. "I'll tell you,

on the car to 535 Blank street." "Come on, Mandy, let's get off," whispered the old man. "That there young fel

feet firmly upon the floor. "I don't intend to get off till things look natural. Think of

efficiency that he could not feel very sorry that the old lady would have to trudge a mile back to 535 Blank street from her natural looking starting point.

She is pretty, and sweet, and charming, receiver, that she smiled into the telephone in that wasteful way some girls have and answered "hello" in her sweetest tones.

Charlie's. Her own voice was sweeter than | plaid. ever when she answered, to soothe the

"You don't know?" came back the answer The sweet girl's smile went a degree deeper in her regret. "No-I can't imagine,

ments, and now I get you and you don't sold. By that time the weather was beeven know who you are. Is there anybody | ginning to show signs of springtime and around there who does know?" But the warmth, so Madame Dash said: 'Now you various kinds of wear, from one of the sweet girl had hung up the receiver with a won't have any use for a wool shirtwaist smart modistes. She had bought the ma-

Janet had come to spend a day and a small sleeper. Then she composed herself to a much-needed rest. But it happened to quito happened to be in the room. Everybody knows that a single mosquito is far more dangerous and maddening than a the usual experience with this solitary songster of the night. She heard the sharp, thin note at her ear and slapped viciously at the singer, only to have the blow land smartly on her cheek and to hear him next moment shrilling a paean of triumph at her left ear. Finally, after fifteen minutes of warfare she was so warm that she flung her pillow to the foot of the bed to be nearer the windows and the breeze. The next minute a second pillow was flung to the foot of the bed and small Janet cuddled down beside auntie. Auntie said nothing; she thought Janet was only half awake and she did not care to complete the pro-

The breeze was soothing, the mosquito singer seemed to have taken unto himself an extra pair of wings and flown away; and Aunt Susan was just drifting off to dreamland when a sleepy little voice broke the silence.

"Say, auntie, wouldn't you jes' like to see that of mosquito's face when he goes up there to bite your face 'n finds your foots.

A Good World, After All.

Of grieving and forgetting; The paths are often rough and steep, and heedless feet may fall: But yet the days are cheery And night brings rest when weary, And somehow this old planet is a good world after all.

The joys are more than double, To guard their dearest ever. To fall the feel est never, And somehow this old earth remains a bright world, after all.

And shielding and forbearing. Dear weman's love to hold us our hearts in thrall: There's home to share together And while the heart flame burns it is a good world, after all.

the ages with that fine reputation for pa-

sleeves, bias bands and pointed girdles can is better than it might be, provided the frock is satisfactory in other respects. snap her fingers at the dressmaker if she | There is one large comfortable dressmaker wants to-though what satisfaction there in Indianapolis who makes shirtwaists and

"Don't say shirtwaist suit to me, please.

of that.' That was all right with me; so She met me at the door. a white linen suit instead of the silk?"

Free Country Is Her Dressmaker

Modern Woman... The Dressmaker Emerges from Every Battle Smiling and Victorious... One Man's Getaway and Finish

Woman's Only Despot in This

ers! If long-suffering Mr. Job had be already to fit you-or maybe you'd bet-been subjected to a plague of ter come Friday-we're awful behind. How dressmakers he might not have come down | Miss Mary-I kind of forgot?" The dressmaker is a necessary evil. The that little remark about your sweetness expectional woman who can stitch things | disarms you. Perhaps she is ready for you

is Legion No. 2, who works for her living | Perhaps you did not buy the thread in the

troubled smile, and where the morning's But mostly woman joins with her sisters

liable in the matter of promises, she is impertinently independent-"and I'd never, never let her make me another gown, only he understands my style so well." There's

permitted to come again, and then she did get to the looking she couldn't find anything here that she liked; then she sent to dress-suppose you let me make you a little silk one-you'll get so much more good out out the one I liked; then I waited for a trip and the coat was to be especially called me up and said that she would get Friday came, and trustfully I went my didn't you get my note?' she said? My heart went clear down into the tips of my tan shoes. 'Why, I wrote you saying that I simply couldn't match that sample you picked out-and for you not to come to-day. But I saw some charming embroidered inens-so sweet. What do you think about know whether I'm committed now to a white shirtwaist suit, or whether the whole thing's off. I'm merely waiting for further

developments. madame is not ready for them. The higher priced dressmakers are, of course, the women who can afford to pay their prices will submit to almost anything to get their gowns made by a modiste whose name carries with it the cachet of fashion; so they are perfectly independent in customers who are subjected to little of their procrastination, the ones for whom they have a special liking-for even smart dressmakers are human and have preferences-and the women whose dress allowances permit them any number of highpriced gowns a year and who consequently have to be treated with more consideration than the women who, though they pay the same rates, cannot do so more than two or three times in the twelvemonth, and portant. And it isn't only the high-priced iressmakers that assert their freedom from obligations, either. The average and the below-the-average modists is as apt to keep you waiting for your frock as is her sister of the more altitudinous prices and the carriage customers. But she isn't quite so independent in her attitude; she is apologetic in her manner; she hastens to offe one excuse on top of another when the psychological moment. "Now, don't you I guess. know, Miss Mary: I've had the worst time with my girls. Seems like you can't get a good one that'll stay noways. Now, when you come in with your dress and I prombut she up and quit on me last week, and there was such a pile of things that was yes'm, yes'm, it's cut out-only it ain't basted up yet. Now, I'm awful sorry to disappoint you, but I knowed you'd understand how it was, and I told Lucy only this end father paid the \$5 and came out of the mornin'. 'My lan'! This was the day Miss dressmaking department a sadder, when the man was to come, an' Lought to o' sent man.

your frock is usually delayed two or three her mind's eye. She congratulates herself happily upon her success in designing. madame, "Yes-it's a pretty combination,

but it's been so overdone." The lovely muslin-green is really good this season you know-and the embroidery with just a "Oh, I can't wear green," says the lovely

ect. "It's such a Frenchy thing-and there isn't another anything like it in town. It you really want a bit of black with it w might use it-but very sparingfy."
"But it isn't becoming," interposes the lovely woman surveying herself with a loubtful eye. "I don't look well in green-"You couldn't have anything so

Madame's voice is decided. "And green is so good. Shirrs all around the shoulders and the hips, I think. "Oh, no-I'm too short and-er-plump. must have my gown perfectly plain in its for the same decision that marks madame's

ghastly in green and that the shirrs and a she could find. It was a week before I was her already insufficient height. For, before she is permittted to depart, she has agreed

tion. Four months after she had bought one day two or three weeks ago she sent | the material she was still waiting for the me word she had some samples from the | coat. At the end of the four months she shops here, and for me to come up and look | was more than ever anxious for it, as she at them. Meekly I went, and we picked and Mr. Man had arranged a little Easter summons to be fitted. Finally one day she smart for traveling. She longed, but she had her doubts. Then Mr. Man took matthe silk, cut out my dress and be ready to ters into his own hands without consultagive me a fitting the following Friday. tion-his wife's awe of madame would not have permitted his course of action. He looked up the dressmaker in the directory, went to her and demanded to know if the coat had been cut.

> "Give me the gores-or the seams-or whatever you call the pieces," he said, "I'm going to take them to a tailor and have the coat made." Madame flew into a fine rage. She told Mr. Man that he was no gentleman; that she would not give up the coat, and various other bits of information. Finally Mr. Man gave his ultimatum. "You may keep the coat and make it-but you must have it at my house by 6 o'clock Saturday evening, or else Mrs. Man will not accept

"Yes, it has," was the answer.

"You'll have to accept it," stormed madame. "If I make it, no matter when, you'll Mr. Man told her he would be delighted if she would try to make him accept it and pay for it, and the conversation ene stormily as it began. But the coat was sent up at the time mentioned by Mr. Man. One of the fond fathers of Indianapolis did not come out so well in his tilt against the dressmaker, however. He opened a bill from the dressmaking department in one of the big stores one morning at the breakfast table, and, contrary to his wont, looked the items over. He made no comment on the cost of the material or the trimmings or the making, but he knitted his brows over the

"Findings, \$5. 'What are findings, daughter?" he asked. "Oh, hooks and eyes, and braids, and buttons and things," said daughter. "Any braid on your dress."

"Oh, no-it's a short skirt." "Any buttons? Daughter reflected. "No, I guess not." 'Hooks and eyes?' "Well, two or three-and some patent fas-

tener things. Well, are they expensive?" Oh. I don't know-about 10 cents a card, "Well, what other findings, daughter?" Daughter reflected again. "Oh, some tape guess-and a pair of shields." Father looked a bit puzzled. "Well. know tape is pretty cheap," he said. "Be

how about these-what are they-guards?

"Shields, father. Oh, about 40 or 50 cents, "Well, daughter, I don't object to your spending money for things when you get the things-but I object to paying for findings that nobody can find. I'll settle this bill

to the head of the department on the I promised before yours that it seemed like of findings. "But it is our invariable rule we just couldn't get to your dress. Oh, charge \$5 for findings, no matter what the cost," said the head, suavely, but fire Repeated argument falled to change statement. The findings were \$5, and in